again.
Until of its pr m tive parts none remain,
And still be the same thing as before. Then one of his hop ful disciples arose

.And said: "By your leave, Sir, I rise to pro 11 be agb me a jack-knife; it had but on

The blade was soon lost, but another was Pray tell, was it still the same knife?"

The Professor declared his assent; and the Was the air of an amateur seeking the truth. And now holding a knife up to view, esumed: "Next the handle was lost; but Resumed: "Next the handle was lost replaced by another as strong. I had it replaced by another as strong. Pray, is this the old knife, or a new?"

"It is still the same wespon; the truth is Quoth the doctor; but young Academicus

Another like weapon disclosed:

"It is made of the old blade and handle,"
quoth het
quoth het
"Pray, tell us, Professor, what knife this It is plain the Professor was posed!
—John Yeoman.

[Copyrighted.] Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

bur by PBY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER IL.-CONTINUED. "I don't know his name, but I know him. His eyes are so queer-just the Color of my bronze slippers, with bits of yellow in them sometimes-there was when he saw my mamma. I know twas him on the beach, because he went in the boat, and wasn't in the vessel after it was so dreadful."

Ben Anderson remembered the odd color of Mr. DeVries' eyes, and asked if that was the name; but she did not now, and the subject was dropped. In the quiet country burying ground

there was a new made grave, and nature, who is the tender mother of us all. took the fair stranger gently to her bosom, and her pitying hand-maidens, soft train of gold over her pulseless

There was little definite the child could tell of her history. They had lived in France, always, as far as she could remember, but her mother was not French. They had boarded with an old woman whom everybody called "Madame." Once, a long time ago, a handsome, dark man used to come and stay days and days with them, and then they were all so very, very happy! Her mother used to play on the guitar, and sing, O, such levely songs, and some times he sang with her; and she was so bright and pretty when he was there! But one terrible day there came a letter to her mamma, and she just dropped she said, handing it to Ralph. "Why, down on the floor, and she never how beautiful she writes! I suppose opened her eyes or spoke all that day, Tom will give her a fine education." a but the day after she told her that her faint touch of pride in her tone. papa, the dark, handsome gentleman, was dead—drowned in crossing a channel; she was sure it was a channel, she had always remembered that. After that her mother never talked of him again, but she cried sometimes, and always when she received a letter, which she did once in a long time. She had one just before they came away, and it made her grow white and scared-looking, and the next day she told her they were coming to America to live, and then they came away from Madame's and staid a few days in a breast broke into a tumultuous flutter, strange, lonesome place, all alone but for an old colored man, and then one dark night they came on board the Le Brun. This was all she could tell having any direct bearing on the

story of her life.

Once, twelve years before, a little sunny-haired girl had brightened for ten short, sweet months the home of the this spring, Ben," she said, folding the Andersons. But one soft June day, when the heavens drooped low over the earth, she slipped softly back to her native skies. Ever since there had been a little vacant niche in Myra Anderson's heart. Into this sacred place, be-fore any of them were aware, Viola crept. Of course there was no more to be said about giving her up to the town authorities, as Mr. Anderson had at first away?" says. Don't you remember what a property is away?" he said, with coming authorities, as Mr. Anderson had at first away?" proposed. Viole, herself, would doubt-less have made very streamons opposition to any such disposal of herself, and she had not been in the farm-house month before they all learned that pose?" her opposition was generally a very dedided thing. There was no disguising the fact, viola was a fiery, passionate the fact, viola was a fiery, passionate "My Dear Sistem:—I've sworn off a dozen will." times about writing to you to come West, but all a warm, generous and unselfish heart, that despised falsehood, and meanness, and cowardice. Ralph, from the moment the bad spring like heart was a spring like moment the bad spring like and he had spring like heart and the boy can come here and let and Ben and the boy can come here and let. meanness, and cowardice. Ralph, from the moment he had sprang into the beat to come to their rescue, had been the object of her greatest reverence and most passionate worship. He was brave and unshibth, and those two traits were her passion. Her mother had always been timid and sensitive, and she had grown to be leve that that was why she was unhappy, and she said to hershe was unhappy, and she said to herself, "no one should ever make her afraid," and, indeed, there seemed little fear of it. But perhaps pride was the trait in her character—it was, at least, the most ungovernable one. Not least, the most ungovernable one. Not least, the most ungovernable one. Not pride of dress or looks, do I mean, but pride of both, and name, and respectability. It was something as natural as her breath, and one day, when she had been there but a week Ralah found had been the cousin, which is, I prove the heart 'i maginable. I have never found had been the cousin, which is, I prove the heart 'i maginable. I have never found had been there were had been the cousin, which is, I prove the heart 'i maginable. I have never found had been the heart 'i maginable. I have never found had been the heart 'i maginable. I have never the heart 'i maginable. I have never the heart 'i been there but a week, Ralph found her lying with her face buried in the cold. rage and tears. He knelt down and hastily out, shrewdly divining that they homely things, which Myra Anderson worth at least five dollars." "No, sir; essayed to lift her face to his posom. "Go awhy!" she cried, fiercely. "I

a charity child-a little pauper without

You are my little darling, Viola," he said, smoothing away the damp, talk so."

shook her slight frame. "But they hills, and the golden sands; and, O, vivid patches of gold the fresh green of will become the greatest coal-producing said so, and I know it's true, and I how infinitely dear the wooing voice of the brookside grasses, as Myra Ander- State in the Union.

broke forth again with renewed fury.
But she yielded to his caresses after

a while and grew still again, but there was a resolute look on the flushed, tear-stained face that she lifted to his. "If I live to be a woman I'H have a name, you just see if I don't!" she said, with a fierce little gesture.
"To be sure you will," he answered,

with a laugh, "you will get married. It don't make any difference to a girl about a name."

"I'll never be married till I have a name-my own name, I mean-never!" she cried, passionately.

what odds would it make if you did ""

love me any great deal, I guess," he said, with an offended air.

"Yes I do, Ralph, a great deal," said, with odd gravity, "but I won't be a 'nameless pauper'—that's what that Benson girl called me—even for you. Im going back to Madame! I'm not travelers awaiting transportation in difhaps a faint prescience of the future, he put his arm about her and drew her fell with dry, suppressed sobs. to his bosom in a little convulsive clasp.

CHAPTER III. It was sometime early in February that Ben Anderson came home one morning and tossed a letter into his wife's lap. "A letter from Tom, I reckon, though it isn't his writing," he said, holding it up to the light as he gave it to her.

"S'posen you open it and see, Mis Anderson," chimed in a jovial voice; "it would be just like the reckless

"Nobody can call you reckless in that way, Ned," responded Anderson laugh-"Come in, Bradlee."

ing. "Come in, Bradlee."
"Wall, no, not very, I'll allow, neighbor, ha, ha! I shouldn't wonder, though, if I had married Mis Anderson, here, if you had only kept away," he said with a laugh and a wink at Mrs. Anderson.

"I don't believe you would marry the Queen, Ned," she replied, quickly, coloring a little.

"No, I don't think I would, and good reason, too! The fact is I'm a little shy o' this noose-a feller can't get out nigh so easy as he can in! I like the women first rate, but this matrimony businessit alius seemed to me that there was some sort of a catch in it."

"Somebody will catch you some day, hope, Ned," Anderson responded, laughing, and then seeing that his wife had opened the letter he added, "and now we'll hear about Tom."

Mrs. Anderson unfolded the letter, gilt-edged paper dropped into her lap. She took it up and read, with a pleased smile, "Ralph Anderson, Esq."

"It is from your cousin Blanche,"

The boy's face flushed, but he laughed as if he enjoyed the sport he knew Bradlee was making of him, instead of feeling vexed and angry that his mother should have read it, or Blanche written were going, and applauded his resoluit, for he knew Ned Bradlee well enough tion. Among the latter was Ned Bradto know that this was by no means the lee, who "always thought he should last he should hear of his new title. like to see the big pastures they bragged And yet, as he took the pretty little note, the first letter he had ever had from a girl, something under his left breast broke into a tumultuous flutter, and kept it up so that he read one long it! why not? You are a bright boy to word that was in it.

In the meantime Mrs. Anderson had run through her brother's letter, and looked up with a little eager expression 'Yes, do, Ned; I should be so glad to

on her face. "Tom wants us to come out West warmly. letter very carefully, and looking down. man o' my gallantry could never stand

not married?" "No, it was Blanche who wrote the jolly laugh. address. She is quite a young ladyfourteen in May-and presides over asked Ralph. household affairs like a woman, Tom says. Don't you remember what a pret-wrote me fine, wonderful letters on yal-

ter. Ned would like to hear it, and about him, don't you?" there's nothing private in it, I don't sup-

"O, no; it is mostly about this place

could talk it over more freely alone. Ben Anderson and his wife sat up ness and plainness-took on a strange, worth five." "And I say it isn't." don't want to see you. I don't want to late that night discussing the thing pro see anyhody; I want to die. I'm only and con. He saw that she favored going—he did not know that she always had—and for her sake, because her brother was there, and for the sake of his boy, whom he knew he could not know he could not have a could not have been long if he still have a still have green into our all the sake of have a still have green into our all the sake of have a still have green into our all the sake of have a still have green into our all the sake of have a still have green into our all the sake of have a still have green into our all the sake of have a still have green into our all the sake of have a still ha raven hair from the hot little tace, keep long if he staid where he was, he homes creep into our affections, and by with alacrity: "Well, yes, at least five "and it makes me feel bad to hear you said "perhaps it was best for them to little memories and associations, link dollars, and possibly more."-N. Y. go." But, O, how in that hour his the bliss or pain of a dead day with the Herald. "Then I won't," she said. strug- heart clung to the old home! How living present. gling to choke down the great sobs that dear grew the thought of the wooded | The cowslips were blotching with

wish you had never taken me off that the beautiful sea. There, too, his dear son glauced out of the car window at terrible rock," and the pent-up torrent ones slept, and no other land, be it the flying landscape with a faint feeling broke forth again with renewed fury. what this bleak New England coast was. parting from the old home had been

There was little said about the proposed change before Ralph or Viola, but Ralph knew that it was being seri-ously considered by his father, and he told Viola, privately, that he hoped they should go, for he was sure his cousin Blanche was the most beautiful, and the nicest girl in the world, and he guessed she knew a great deal by the way she wrote; and she was so anxious he should come, too!"
"I don't want to go; and I don't want

to see her, and I don't like her!" broke in Viola, impetuously."

"But you cannot know that, and that odds would it make if you did."

"I tell you I will know," she cried, tamping her foot. "I guess Madame in Wolfer says Blanche will be in Wolfer to the city, they were a very happing her foot. "I guess Madame prise. "Mother says Blanche will be in Want to go; and I don't want to go; and stamping her foot. "I guess Madame will know, and I shall go and see her will know, and I shall go and see her when I get big enough."

stamping her foot. "I guess Madame prise. "Mother says Blanche will be an accomplished lady by and by, and when I get big enough." "And leave me? Then you don't to know why you should say such spiteful things of her when you never saw her," he said, in an injured tone, looking down very severely at the little flushed

and I do love you Ralph, and I shall rich, nor nice, nor beautiful; and I don't know a great deal either, and you won't love me any at all when you see her," look round the town. Coming up a down on his shoulder, and with perwell," and the bright little face nestled love me any at all when you see her," down on his shoulder, and with pertremulous, and the little bosom rose and

"O, that's it, is it??? he laughed, a little pleased glow flashing into the boy-ish face. It was rather nice to have two girls like him! But with true masculine tact he saw that it would never do to that. let her know that he thought so. with a nonchalance that would have done credit to a much older head, he

exclaimed: "Nonsense! why she's my cousin, "It's a woman's writing—it can't be and a fellow is expected to think a good deal of his cousin, especially if she is turning the letter over, and holding it up to the light as her husband had up to the light as her husband had "Nonsense: why she's hity cousin, a good deal of his cousin, especially if she is nice and pretty. like Blanche. But I as he opened the door, "I had to comb shall love you all the same for that, lithe hed: I had time enough." tle Wildfire. I don't believe she is any the bed; I had time enough. prettier than you; and anyway I shall love you best." "Always, Ralph-always, so long as

you live?" she eried, eagerly, looking up into his face with shining eves. "Always, as long as I live," he re-

peated, smiling. But she did not smile; the small face was preternaturally grave, and the great all she needs to make her perfect. I've black eyes had a dreamy, far away look got a little plot in my head," laughing a in them, as if some picture in the far-off future shone vaguely and dimly through a daughter-in-law. She thinks everythe long vista of years-a picture shaded and lined with some impalpable painfixing and holding her gaze. Possibly the Angel of Futurity left for a moment the gate ajar, and the young eyes caught a vision of the struggle and pain beyond.

That night, after Ben Anderson had prayed as usual for all classes and conditions of men, that He would send His | a man, of course he didn't say so. | Mrs. Spirit out after them, and snatch as many as possible from destruction and eternal perdition," he added the follow-

ing petition: "We ask, also, O Lord, that Thou called to her husband, and a hurried would'st go with us and bless us in the new, as Thou hast in the old, home. though the house, large as it was, was Keep our hearts pure before Thee, and gone over twice, no trace of the girl and as she did so, a dainty little note of let no worldly gain or desire usurp Thy could be found. Ralph was awakened fathers as they emerged from their but to no avail-Viola was not in the homes go with us to the fair land of our house! adoption, and keep us there, as it did |

them here." Then Ralph knew for the first time street with a man, and though he didn't that his father had decided to go. The next day it was very generally noised strange, he believed the child ran down about that "Ben Anderson was going to sell out and go West." Everybody talked about it, and some prophesied he "would be back within a year, if he

so much of." "Why not go with us, Mr. Bradlee?" said Ralph.

page clear through without knowing a think of it, for I'll be hanged if I ever should." "I wish you would go Bradlee," said

> have you," Mrs. Anderson added, "You would? Lord! then I'll go. A

"O, yes, he always writes that. He's out against a woman's wishes, no matter of the size of the garden in the ter what they asked," he said, with a rear of the block. At six the law com-"Not if they wished to marry you?"

"I believe so-yes. But read the let- most any feller that had any feelin'

Ralph colored to the temples with shame and annoyance. Everybody who has been young knows with what a halo of sacredness these "first" letters are invested, and how it hurts and shocks the young heart to have some rude hand swoop down through the beautiful aureole, and hold up to laughter and ridicule the precions treasure. To this day I feel a stir of indignation whenever I remember a certain afternoon, when, coming home from school, I heard peal after peal of ringing laughter issuing from my bed-chamber, and upon coming upon the scene discovered my two "grown" sisters, sitting on the floor assist their mothers, or, as is more before an open bureau drawer-my frequently the case, from ten years of drawer, it was-one of them holding in

"it is old Tom all over. Well, neigh- ledges of rock, and shining reaches of bor Ben, it's my advice that you accept shelly sand, belonged to a stranger, who is accustomed to the old fashioned the offer; good night," and he walked now. The household goods-simple, methods of the East. "That sheet is had sometimes despised for their poor- it is only worth three." "I say it is tender beauty, as one after another she | The seller at this juncture drew a navy had seen them knocked down under the revolver, quietly cocked it, and point-

Our Young Folks.

TEDDY: Dode dear

very hard at the last. Only the thought

that it would be better for them, and that it would keep Ralph away from

the sea, kept up her courage. She knew by her husband's grave face that it had

been a hard struggle for him to sunder

the ties which nearly fifty years of companionship had cemented. Brad-lee's spirits were invaluable, and rough

as he seemed, he had a delicate faculty

of turning their thoughts nway from

unhappy regrets to pleasant anticipa-

air or radiant sky, was there a hint of

There they stopped over night, to re-

sume their journey on the following day.

man and little girl pass the corner of the

street some distance ahead, and disap-

"Oh! I didn't notice." his commanion

"I don't believe folks do it, Myra.

don't like it, so there's no harm done,

Ben Anderson smiled at her "prema-

plan. The truth was, he had thought

of it himself more than once, but being

Anderson looked through the parlor, but Viola was not there. She went out

to the piazza; there were two or three

search was at once instituted, but,

by his mother, and joined in the search,

A young man who worked in the sta-

bles had seen a child going down the

think of it at the time as anything

TO BE CONTINUED.]

How the German Boy is Schooled.

From the hour of his birth until he

be is under the constant supervision of

his parents or his nurse. He plays as

the same time. Between four and six

play-ground is always circumscribed ac-

pels his parents to send him to school.

must not be neglected under any cir-

cumstances, unless his health proves

him to be unequal to the tasks. His

promptly at eight o'clock in the mor-

ning, remaining until ten, and at 1:30

sistance of his parents, he must be pre-

pared to answer for on the next day.

Chemnitz Cor. Chicago News.

-They have a way of trading out West which is very refreshing to a man

-A geologist predicts that Montana

children there, but no Viola.

"I let her go down; she was so wild

But where is Viola?"

thing of Ralph."

pear down a side street? gostoffel.

the dark cloud lowering upon them.

Teddy-boy by the window stands Watching the leaves as they downward fall, Wittehing the shadows that gather so last.
And hearing the birds to their children call.
What is my little boy thinking about, Standing so silently there?
And why those tears in his pretty blue eyes?
And that frown on his forehead so fair?

Teddy is trying, perbais, to forget.
That a boy he knows of, and just his size,
Has been very naughty, so much so, indeed, That the lift e boy's mamma has tears in her But Ted can't ferret the betries very hard, And he thinks his mamma might speak, And he wiefies it worldn't grow dark so soon And—a tear rolls down his cheek.

The little brownshirds to their children call, But no one calls "Teddy, come here, my pet!"
And mother's kisses and twilight songs limpid water, and touched the white Are good things Teddy can never forget.
But kisses and songs are for good little boys,
So Teddy must go without, walls and spires of the city with a soft, auroral flush. Nowhere, in all the soft Unless be is sorty and says so—then | Mamma will forgive him, no doubt.

Oh, fast fall the shadows, and fast fall the Down a pair of cheeks flishing so red.
And presently—"Teddy is sorry!" sobs he.
And mother's breast pillows a golden head.
Then fast fall the kisses on cheek and on And Lea' it is twilight, you know, fet to Teddy and mamins the sunshine has

Like the warmth of a noonday's rlow.

—Mary D. Brine, in W. de Anake.

di ban ou "CIRCEMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

of Humming-bird!" Bradlee ex-claimed; his pet name for Viola being "I'll just go down by the Idake; maxima, and wait until you are roady." "But" Rollo, remember you are den't go where you will get any stains. replied, carelessly. They walked about

a while longer and then went up to the Won't manima, I'll be ever so hotel. Mr. Anderson looked in the parearefuldos not lor, but his wife was not there, and he went up to their room.

This was the talk they had as Rollo, in his newest white suit, and brilliant red stockings and fresh sailor hat, kissed his harid to his mother and tripped out of the gate. Ten minutes more, and he expected to be off to the park to hear the lovely music, and see the swans and the monkeys.

but they can tear it to pieces if they It was less than ten minutes when be came back, one shoe of one elastic gone, his bright red stockings torn and I couldn't keep her here. I never saw hanging, himself covered from head to such a child! When we get settled we must govern her a little more; that is done so much mischief to himself in so short a time? If only Rollo had had a reputation for being careful, she would have surely stopped to hear his story; but, alas for him! A more headle's boy little; "I am going to train her up for never lived than this same Rollo. This she said very confidentially, as Still this was worse than usual; so they went down into the parlor, and much worse that the mother decided on the instant that he must have a severe ture matchmaking," as he called it, but did not look at all displeased with the

lesson. Rollo," she said, in her coldest tone, 'you may go at once to Hannah and

could hardly speak. But she passed him on the stairs without a word on error on a studential

He called after her:
"Mamma, O mamma! Won't you "Here is a lady, asking Julia ran to the gate." please to listen to me?"

ately and L do not wish to hear a In a few minutes after that the carriage rolled away, stopped at Mrs. Merrivale's and took up Helen and her mother, then on to the park.

You needn't suppose Rollo's mother the steps from the house; but she seemed to go willingly; the man did not touch her, as he could see. enjoyed it. She seemed to care nothing for the park; she hardly glanced at the swans, and did not go near the monkeys, [All the time she missed a happy little face and e.ger voice that she half expected to have with fier. Miss Helen Merrivale was another disappointed one. Had not she and Rollo planned together this ride to the park? has reached the mature age of six years Now, all she could learn from his mother was that Rollo was detained at the last minute. She did not intend to tell children play all the world over, but his games and pastimes are not rough. the Merrivales that her cartless little From the moment his sensitive mind is boy seemed to grow more careless every capable of being trained he learns obe- day; and how she felt that she must shut dience and politeness. He is not four herears to his pitiful little explanations, years old ere he will bid a stranger which would amount to nothing moregood-day or good-evening, raising his than he didn't mean it at all," and was

little hat and making his little bow at "so sory." The mother believed that she had he is allowed to mingle freely with the done right; nevertheless she was lonely children of the neighborhood, but his and sad. They came home earlier than they had intended. As they passed;

From that t me on he is a person of them, some responsibility, for his lessons "You havent't the dear little fellow with you," she said eagerly, her lips trembling. Wanted to kiss him,

school hours for the first year are not long, but he must be in his place Why? Did you hear of an accident?" where my baby would be now! She The second year of his school-life is a in that deep mud and got stuck, and the

"Where is Rollo?" she said, breath- gree of comfort .- St. James' Gazette.

lessly, to Hannah. "He's asleep now, ma'am. He eried how he is."

him, half smothered with kisses, to her ly," he had to goto jail with his friend cocking-chair, and sat down to laugh for one mouth. They will try, hereand cry over him and kiss him. Only after, to get along without kissing the half awake he was at last, still grasping wrong girl.—N. T. Herald

'te big orange that Hannah had given hin , when mamma, giving him more kisse's, said: .. D. car little brave boy, will you for-

give ma mma for all the sorrow of this afternoor, 2" Then he rubbed his eyes and looked at her wor deringly, and patted her cheek, and sa id: "You mean you will forgive me?

You will, won't you? I truly didn't mean to get wet at id dirty." How many kisses do you suppose he had then? As for h irs. Sullivan, she hasn't found enough ye to do for Rollo, though she keeps doing vice little things all the time.—The Pansy.

The Sled that Won the "Golden Arrow."

One cold day a lady looked from a window down to the sidewalk, and she saw there a little girl and a little boy. The girl had a broken sled, and on the sled there was a board that tell of if anybody touched it, and wouldn't stay on unless it was held.

Well, the little girl held the board just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board staid in place; then she got off, and told the boy to jump on.

He jumped. The board tipped, and the little boy fell on the sidewalk. But the little girl picked him up, and brushed off the snow. Then the lady at the window slid up the sash, and this

is what she heard the girl say:
"Try it again, Jo! That was too bad.
Sister is sorry. She will hold the board
this time." So the board was again put on the broken sled, and held until Jo was safely on it.

"Now sit still, Jo, and I'll give you a nice sled-ride," said the little girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Up flew Jo's feet and he ell over backward; but he was not hurt much, and after another brushing, the girl said: "Now, sit with your feet to the back; you can't tumble off that way."

But he did. Only that time he fellon his face. Next he sat sidewise, with his feet hanging over part of a runner. In this way he went safely as far as across a little room, but then board and boy once more upset.

The good sister tried a dozen times to give Jo a ride, but every time the old, broken sled threw him oft. Still the lit-tle girl was patient and kind, and spoke gently, and took good care of her little prother. And that was better for both of them that day than a fine sled-ride would have been. For when they went away the lady opened the window wide. and sent a big boy to follow them, and told him to come back and tell her the house they lived in.

And then, the same day, she went have her put your every day suit on: out and bought a strong and pretty until I return." said Rollo, his face in a quiver, his lips trembling so that he could hardly small. to give her little brother a sleigh-ride that morning. "Julia! Julia!" called her mother.

"Here is a lady, asking for you."

"You were trying to draw a little boy on the side-walk in front of my house this morning "--began the lady, but she could not say another word then, for Julia was frightened and said: "Oh, ma'am, I didn't, I didn't mean to do anything naughty." Then she began to cry very hard, and ran away, ... What isit, ma'am, that my child has

been doing?" aske I Julia's mother. "She is a dood sister," said little Jo. The lady smiled. "I watched her this morning," she said, "and she was so sweet and patient that I wished to make her a present. And at my house there is a new sled for her, if she will come and get it. "in-n

Pretty soon, Julia was at the lady's house, with Jo and three other little brothers, and the "Golden Arrow" mide five children happy many daysfor these children were real children, and it all happened just like this story. -St. Nicholas.

What is an "Esquire?"

"What is an esquire?" This question is now agitating the generally peaceful parish of Hampstead, and bas arisen out of a controversy respecting a tramway extension schemewhich threatens to interfere with the her arms, and out she came to speak to proud privilege Hampstead has hitherto en oyed of being inaccessible to the outer world. The opponents of the s heme have formed themselves into a committee; and a list of their names the darling, brave boy. O Mrs. Gray, which has been published includes those of a large number of local tradesmen—hurt in any way? "Who?" said Mrs. Gray, wondering-ly. "My Rollo? Oh, no, he isn't hurt. the affix of "esquire," and this has 2:30. Then he brings home his lessons | Didn't he tell you? Didn't anybody caused much excit ment and indignation the morrow, which, with the as | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | lessons | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gray, if it hadn't | tell you? Why, Mrs. Gr been for your rave little Rollo—I shive classes, who are in favor of the tramer and grow cold all over when I think by calling themselves "esquires" have The second year of his school-life is a where my baby would be now. She little more severe. The schools open at six in the summer and seven in the winter, and long before children of his age are awakened in America, the head first into the lake. Rollo saw her, his age are awakened in America, the streets are till of little ones hunting to woundittle follo, he was the only one strees are full of little ones hurrying to the different schools. This early class is dismissed at eight and nine o'clock, and the children are then expected to assist their mothers, or, as is more tion, it is really difficult to say who is age upward, they go to the great little man had sense enough to unbut-factories or work-shops where they are apprenticed, and learn a trade. Indeed, and wade out after baby. He saved the school hours are fixed thus early in the trade little man had sense enough to unbut-reason why workingmen should not call themselves, esquires if it pleases the school hours are fixed thus early in the trade little man had sense enough to unbut-reason why workingmen should not the school hours are fixed thus early in the trade little man had sense enough to unbut-reason why workingmen should not the school hours are fixed thus early in the trade little man had sense enough to unbut-reason why workingmen should not the school hours are fixed thus early in the trade little man had sense enough to unbut-reason why workingmen should not the school hours are fixed thus early in the trade little man had sense enough to unbut-reason why workingmen should not the school hours are fixed thus early in the school hours are fixed thus he tugged her out and laid her on the great convenience if every man, in the bank, all unconscious, you know, and United Kingdom, whatever might be his we thought she was dead, but she is as condition in life, were allowed this title, well as ever, and O Mrs. Gray, isn't At present dire often e is often given the e anything I can do for the blessed when writing to strangers by addresshoy?"

"John," said Mrs. Gray, "drive thus rendering the unknown correspondent, however magnificent his position in his parish, unable to look the furious pull, and dashed past the little him in the street, at least with any deing the letter to Mr. So and So. and nurse girl to her own room like a comet. him in the street, at least with any de-

> -Two New York youths tried to kiss as though his heart would break, and a young girl, whose "fellow" interwas a long time getting comforted; but fered. One of them struck him, when finally I got him dressed, and coaxed the screams of the girl brought her him to take a n-p, and there's been half mother to the door. The other assailthe town here this atternoon to inquire ant, who was blind, knocked the mother down with a cane. Notwithstand ng She didn't believe in disturbing sleep- his excuse that hea ing his friend calling boys, as a rule, but she picked this ing for help, he thought he was being one right out of his bed and carried beaten by roughs and struck out "blind-